

*Carolyn Jane Gray
from her Mother*

THE CANADIAN MUSICAL LIBRARY.

THE DYING NUN.

—❖— Popular Ballad. —❖—

WORDS BY

NATHALIE.

MUSIC BY

LOUIE BREWSTER.

180.—D. K. HK.

E. CORLETT
MUSIC DEALER,
340 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

The Dying Nun.

Words by NATHALIE.

Music by LOUIE BREWSTER.

1. Let the air blow in up-on-me, Let me see the mid-night sky, Stand back, sis-ters

from a-round me: God! it is so hard to die! Raise the pil-low up, oh, Mar-tha,

sis-ter Mar-tha, you were kind; Come and stand a-lone be-side me, Ere I leave you all be-hind.

Ped.

Soft Ped.

Ped.

1. Hold my hand, so cold and fro - zen; Once it was so soft and white, And this ring, that

Soft Ped.

falls down from it, Clapsed my fin - ger round so tight; Lit - tle ring they thought so worth - less,

That they let me keep it there, On - ly a plain gold - en cir - clet, With a braid of Doug - lass' hair.

Ped.

3
Sister Martha, are you near me? You were kinder than the rest;
Lift my head, and let me lean it, While I live, upon your breast.
I was thinking of some music That I heard long, long ago;
Ah! how sweet the NUNS are singing In the Chapel, soft and low.

4
Oh! my Father; oh! my Mother! Will you not forgive the past,
When you hear a stranger tell you How your stray lambdied at last?
Out of all that used to love me, Who will weep when I am dead?
Only you, oh, sister Martha! Keep the last watch by my bed.

5
But a strain of heavenly music Drowns the holy midnight dream,
Still I hear the wild waltz pealing, And I float away with him;
I am coming, Douglass, Douglass, Where you are I too am there,
Freed at last, I come, my dearest, Death gives back your little CLARE.

6
Sister Martha, Sister Martha, Has the Moon gone down so soon?
Ah! the CELL seems cold as WINTER, Tho' I know that it is June.
Sisters, in your white beds lying, Sleeping in the June moonlight,
Thro' your dreams, COMES THERE NO MESSAGE? CLARA DIES ALONE
TO-NIGHT.

